

# THE DEAF-MUTE TIMES.

VOL. 1.

TRENTON, N. J., MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1888.

NO. 3.

## A California Year.

BY MRS. M. H. FIELD.

How do we know when the spring has come  
In this pleasant land by the Western sea?  
Why the rainy days grow farther apart,  
And the clouds before the north wind flee;  
The gardens are blue with forget-me-nots,  
And pepper trees scatter their berries red;  
The hills with poppies are all aflame,  
And linnets and meadow larks sing  
o'erhead.

How do we know when summer is here?  
The sky is one vast, deep vault of blue,  
Whence the sun pours down his golden flood

Unchecked by a cloud the whole day  
through;  
Grain fields are waving and orchards  
bend low.

Roses and jasmines hold riotous sway,  
White tents are unfolding on mountain  
and shore,  
And the life of the camper is blithe  
and gay.

What is the sigh of the autumn time?  
Oh, then the vineyards their splendor  
show—

Muscats and Hamburgs and flaming  
Tokays—

Never were clusters like these, I trow!  
But the roadside trees with dust are gray;  
Yellow and sere lie the hills and the  
plain.

The water courses are parched and dry;  
All patiently waiting for the beautiful  
rain.

But the winter—ah! that's the strangest of all;  
Instead of the north, the south wind  
blows;

The sweet south wind that brings the rain,  
The pattering rain, not wintry snows;

And then the rivulets sing once more,  
The hills turn green, and the dear wild  
flowers

Awake from their sleep, while the furrowed  
earth

Grows young again 'neath the welcome  
showers.

## ODD TESTS.

### Characteristics Which Are Dis- closed by Several Queer Little Traits.

A well-known Paris scientist, Dr. Delaunay, has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook he says it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the Doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same. In a word, says the Doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher developments; centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution.—*Science Gossip.*

Translators of French works are so plenty that £20 now pays for the translation of any new French novel.

## IN THE SHENANDOAH.

### The Day When Jubal Early was Sent Up The Valley.

#### From the Opequan to Winchester Including Wayside Inci- dents of the Great Battle for the Harvest of the Valley. Telling How a Soldier goes into Action.

The blue racer was angry but not delirious over its early morning success. It knew it had a big day's work before it, and that it was to engage in a contest of skill as well as strength. Sheridan was for the first time in command of a department.

Could he handle a distinct command of mixed troops as well as he had commanded brigades, divisions and cavalry corps? This 19th day of September, 1864, was to answer the question. He had before him one of the ablest generals of the Confederacy, backed by a picked force from the grand and heroic Army of Northern Virginia, the men who had withstood the poundings of Grant, McClellan and Meade, and who had humbled the pride of McDowell, Hooker, Burnside and Pope, and with whose history Jubal Early had from the first been identified.

Could the clerk from the little country store in Ohio, backed by troops to whom he was almost a stranger, except in name, outgeneral, as well as outfight, the graduate of West Point and the veterans under him? As the men hurried into position they thought of Sheridan's brigade on the morning of the first day at Stone River as it came staggering out of the hell of death to which it had been so many hours exposed, with depleted ranks, bleeding and worsted, but fighting still and determined, if the day went wrong, he should say of them also: "Here is my command, what is left of it. Some are dead, many are wounded and a few are whole, but all their cartridge boxes are empty."

The two armies were so near that each could distinguish the movements being made by the other in the hurried preparations for battle. The marching to and fro of troops, the rapid movement of cavalry, the flying courier and dispatch bearer, the rattle and whirl of cannon and caissons as artillery galloped into position, the hurrying forward of ambulances, the parade of ammunition wagons and the solemn procession of the stretcher, as some shattered wretch, who had fallen early in the fight, was carried groaning to the rear, combined with the occasional roar of artillery, the sharp crack of random rifles, the murmur of the Minie ball or swirl of shell, as it clipped through the air, occupied the early morning hours. The troops, for the most part, when not in motion, threw themselves in line upon the ground and awaited orders. Some told stories, others sang songs, a few may have prayed, but all thought of home and loved ones, and hoped for

heaven. Whenever occasion offered a fire was started, and the inevitable coffee pot was set simmering on the coal, for the American soldier is to the last nothing if not supremely practical.

Occasionally a rebel battery would break out and furiously shell some portion of Sheridan's forming line of battle, submitting the troops to the severest of all trials, to be compelled to face death and perhaps die in a condition of inactivity. That is the time that tries a soldier's nerve. When the battle is on the blood is up, and man seeks man in the open field, fear departs and the demon of destruction takes possession of the heart—then there is no thought of self. That monster may exist who can silently and inertly face impending but uncertain death without a tremor, but every old soldier with a soul fit to be saved recognizes the force of Napoleon's rebuke to an officer on the field of Austelitz, whom he found deriding as a coward a young recruit who stood trembling in the line as the ranks were forming for action. "Let him alone, sir," said the great general, "he alone is a brave man who realizes his danger and dares face it." Any other criterion would reduce bravery to stupidity and manhood to marble.

The day wore away. The blue racer had stretched its length along the banks of the Opequan until it lay in battle array half around the town of Winchester, the spires of which could be seen in the valley two or three miles distant.

Early had made repeated attempts to break the formation by massing troops against it at various points, but all his attempts had been unsuccessful, and his lines had been hurled back broken and disordered. The hospitals on both sides by noon were crowded with wounded, while the sun shone down fierce and blistering on the dying and dead who lay upon the field between the two armies. Now the blue racer begins to move. Brigades and divisions here and there advance over portions of the intervening space and everywhere meet with stubborn resistance. By 3 o'clock the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps are thrice and the Sixth Corp twice repulsed, but still all had advanced their lines and completed their connections. Then there came a lull. Artillery and musketry alike are silent.

The ever active Custer is on the extreme right watching like a hawk an opportunity to swoop down on Early's left flank; the infantry hold the center and on the left, in sight of the Winchester and Strausburgh pike Wilson watches and waits with the Third Cavalry Division.

For the first and only time during the war a battle was being fought under something like European conditions. Every acre of soil about Winchester had been mapped by skillful engineers of both armies, and each general knew what he had to encounter in the way of natural ob-

(Continued on fourth page.)

## TO A "BRIGHT BOY."

### "Selections" He Sent to One "Evidently Cut Out to Be President."

Senator Ingalls has written another open letter. Christopher Lansing, of Virgie, Jefferson County, Ill., wrote to the Senator the other day, saying:

I am quite a young boy. I am a boy of thirteen and my name is Christopher Lansing. I am going to school and I am trying hard to get a good education, and I mean to subdue a good education before I stop. The people of Virgie are great people for a good education. We have had a great literary here all winter, and I have been the brightest boy in the literary. I don't brag, because I know it would do no good, but the School Director says I am the best, and I know I am, and the literary would have been a failure only for me. But I have no more selections left, all my selections are done. If you will please send me some good selections for the literary I will be greatly obliged to you. If you have no objection I would prefer something about the cosmogony, or the world, or the universe, or this great republic, something that would make a good speech for a bright boy.

Christopher then added a postscript, in which he said:

If you cannot send me some selections yourselves, please send this letter to Speaker Carlisle, and maybe he will, for you are both good, natural gentlemen.

It was a very long letter written in a large school hand, and the Senator enjoyed it very much, especially the passage calling for "a good speech for a bright boy." The Senator replied to the letter, and sent the boy quite a number of "selections," including a copy of Washington's Farewell Address, which he himself read to the Senate with great success last Washington's Birthday, and a copy of President Cleveland's last annual message, saying, "As you are evidently cut out to be President of the United States, you will surely find among these 'selections' something that will suit."

In addition to sending his response to the "bright boy," Senator Ingalls handed the letter to Speaker Carlisle, who paid the Speaker the compliment of including among his "selections" a copy of the last speech he delivered in the Senate, about which so much has been heard during the month that has since elapsed. "You can ask the school director," said Mr. Carlisle, "if he thinks this a good speech for a bright boy."—*N. Y. World.*

## A Dog That Earns His Board.

It is said that Mrs. B. M. Edwards, of Clarke county, has a St. Bernard dog that is a jewel in his way. He is sent out to the pasture every morning with the cattle and returns with them safely every afternoon. In milking he keeps the calf off, and when it is through carries the pail to the house. He works the treadmill by which the butter is churned, and is useful in the domestic arrangements of the household in many ways. But the faithful fellow is put to a more remarkable use than this. Every summer he is sheared and his silken wool spun into yarn.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*



# The Deaf-Mute Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

TRENTON, APRIL 30th, 1888.

It is to be hoped that no serious casualties will result from the jollifications in commemoration of consolidation to-night.

We are glad to print two little stories written by pupils in the Primary Department. We hope to receive contributions from the pupils frequently, and will give them room, if possible.

ARBOR DAY, Friday the 27th, was celebrated with appropriate observances. The usual afternoon session of the classes was omitted, and the pupils were assembled in the chapel, where the Superintendent gave them an hour's talk about the uses of trees, and the reasons for the observance of Arbor Day. Afterwards, a vine was planted by the piazza, each of the pupils throwing a handful of earth around the roots. After this ceremony, the pupils had the time to themselves, except the poor printers, who must always stick to business, no matter who else has a holiday.

ON another page of this paper will be found items showing the fruits of the bad habits of cigarette smoking and the reading of bad novels. These habits are obnoxious because they not only seek the young for their prey, but they make sad the hearts of many fond parents. We are glad to see that Congress has taken hold of the vile cigarette, and it is our desire that they take some steps toward the suppression of this bad literature. It is to be hoped that the boys and girls in this Institution have not stooped to the level of these vile habits, or if any have, it is our earnest desire that they immediately reform.

It has been so very often expressed by visitors to our Institution that our affliction must be so very depressing to us as to make life miserable and not worth living, that it is necessary for us to refute this. We have reverses, and at times feel despondent, but tell us where there is a hearing person who has not, in time of trouble, experienced the same thing. We have our comforts even in our affliction. We can see the faces of our loved ones and enjoy all of Nature's beauty; we can make the pen available by correspondence and express our views in our language as well as people who are so fortunate as to be gifted with speech. Our lot is not so bad, but what it might be worse, and if people only knew how to talk to us, a great many heart-aches would be saved.

THOSE who attended the late Conference of Principals, at the Mississippi Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, brought away the most pleasant recollections of the kindness and hospitality shown to them by Prof. Dobyns, the genial and efficient head of that school, by his energetic assistants, by the Governor of the State, the Board of Directors of the Institution, and the citizens of Jackson. The warm unclouded skies, and the all-pervading fragrance of roses were apt emblems of the frank, cordial greeting which the visitors received.

## HOME AGAIN.

### What Our Superintendent Saw on His Trip to Mississippi.

The Superintendent of this School reached home on Saturday evening, April 21st, after an absence of ten days spent in attending the Conference of Principals of Institutions for the Deaf, at Jackson, Mississippi. Everywhere south of the Potomac, the weather was delightful, and in Jackson the visitors were delighted to find roses, green peas, snap beans, mulberries and new potatoes in abundance. The trees were in full leaf, and the thermometer usually showed at noon, a temperature of 80 or 85 degrees, although the nights were cool and refreshing. Many subjects of interest were ably discussed, and much useful information was received. Dr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone was one of the speakers. Some of the interesting points in the line from Washington to Jackson are Bull Run, Culpeper, Lynchburg, in Va., Kings Mountain, N. C., Atlanta, Ga., and Anniston, Bessemer and Birmingham in Alabama. The last three places are new towns, which owe their prosperity to coal and iron mines in their vicinity. A few members of the Conference ran over to Vicksburg, after the Conference had adjourned, to see the fortifications and caves, so famous during the siege of that place in 1863. One of the party was a Confederate soldier and was captured with the rest of Pemberton's army, by Gen. Grant. He found the very spot where he served a gun during the siege. The return trip was made rapidly and safely.

## PERSONALS.

Mrs. Ellis, who has been sick for the past week, is in a much improved condition.

Augustus Martzart, of Newark, we are glad to state, has come to our school to get his education.

Dr. S. M. Hammell, of Lawrenceville, N. J., paid this Institution a visit and was much taken with its workings.

Rev. M. S. Morgan, of Princeton, N. J., paid us a visit the forepart of this month and was much taken with the art of lip-reading.

Rev. Thomas S. Long, of Dayton, N. J., made us a call. It was his first visit and he expressed much surprise at the aptness of the pupils.

Mr. Neely, our estimable driver, sits on a roller like an old time jockey. His position seems somewhat cramped, but we attribute it to the absence of a sofa.

## HISTORIC TRENTON.

### An Account of the Two Battles That Were Fought Here in 1776-7.

The pupils who have been studying history will be interested to learn some additional points about the two battles at Trenton. The first time Washington crossed the Delaware with his army, on Christmas, 1776, he landed at a point about seven miles above Trenton, which is now called Washington's Crossing, and which is a station on the Belvidere Delaware railroad. The main column of his army marched into Trenton along Warren street, and struck the enemy not far from where the present bridge over the Canal Feeder stands. Col. Rahl, the commander of the Hessians, was spending a jolly evening with his friends in a house which stood on part of the ground now covered by the Masonic Temple. The surrender took place near the Assanpink creek and Stockton street.

The second time he brought his army over to the Jersey side of the Delaware, in January, 1777, he landed a little below the town, and occupied the south bank of the Assanpink, which was at that time quite a high bluff. The ground on the north side of the creek was low and marshy, and there was only one bridge by which to cross. This was at Warren street, and it was here that Lord Cornwallis ordered his soldiers to charge on the American lines. They could not get across the bridge, because the Americans were able to concentrate the fire of their whole line on this one spot. After losing a good many men, Cornwallis withdrew his troops and decided to wait until the next day, when he expected reinforcements.

That night Washington quietly withdrew his men from their line near the creek, but he left a few men to keep the camp fires going, and to pace back and forth as sentries. He took his army out along the road which is now called Hamilton avenue, right past the site of our School, which was then a forest. There is an old house near the corner of Olden and Greenwood avenues, about half a mile from the School, where, it is said, Washington stopped for a few moments that night.

He followed this road about five miles, then took a road to the left, and came on the Hessian troops under Knyphausen before morning, surprising that commander as completely as he had surprised the other Hessian commander, Rahl, less than a month before.

Relics of the fights at Trenton, such as small cannon balls, pieces of muskets and pistols, and the like, are occasionally found in digging cellars or cutting trenches for street pipes. The museum of the School contains a pistol lock from the battle field of Trenton.

## Lucky Mary.

Mary C. Holloran, an employe of this Institution, who was a contestant for a ring at the fair in aid of the Lady of Lourdes new church was successful beyond her most sanguine expectations by collecting the largest amount and winning the ring. There were four contestants, all collecting good sums. Mary is an ardent worker in all her undertakings and we are glad she was so fortunate. She collected \$236.50, and her nearest competitor turned in \$219.75.

## Paper Bottles

One of the most interesting of the many uses to which paper has been put is the manufacture of paper bottles. We have long had paper boxes, barrels, and car wheels, and more recently paper pails, wash basins, and other vessels; but now comes a further evolution of paper in the shape of paper bottles, which are already quite extensively used for containing such substances as ink, bluing, shoe dressing, glue, etc., and they would seem to be equally well adapted for containing a variety of articles. They are made by rolling glued sheets of paper into long cylinders, which are then cut into suitable lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted in, the inside coated with a waterproof compound, and all this done by machinery almost as quickly as one can count. They are cheaper and lighter than glass, unbreakable, and consequently very popular with consumers, while in fact that they require no packing material and are clean, handy and economical. commends them to manufacturers. Unlike glass, they can be manufactured and shipped at all seasons; and being made by machinery, the supply is independent of labor troubles, which are additional advantages to manufacturers who use bottles. —Scientific American.

## BASE BALL NOTES.

### Items of Interest About the Game in the School.

Gorman of the Shoemakers pitches a good game.

Reuben Stephenson is the hardest hitter the Printers have.

Mr. Neely played right field for the Shoemakers, but the boys say he is no good.

If the boys will practice up, Mr. Wood will try and arrange a match with the Normal School boys.

Mr. Wood goes out to practice with the boys sometimes, but he can't play much. He would make a pretty good foul-flag.

Alex. White is an excellent base runner, and the catcher must be very quick to throw him out when he starts for second base.

Mr. Gaffney, with a few years practice, might make an amateur player, but at present he could not hit a foot ball.

The boys have had a board back stop put up on their ball grounds. It saves many steps for those who cannot play very well.

Among the other players are John Ward, who will in time make a good one. He can wield the willow, and gather hot grounders with the best of them.

Dick Salmon swings the stick with ease, and when he strikes the ball it generally goes where it belongs, and he always can find home base with thanks to the pitcher, who throws these curves.

Quite an interesting match was played last week between the composers of this office and the shoemakers. Manning did the pitching for the "Comps" and the shoemakers could not touch his curves, they not making a single hit. Stephenson caught a faultless game and did good work with the bat. The "Cobblers" did fine playing, and no doubt if they had three or four more larger boys on their nine they would be able to beat the printers. The score stood 14 to 0.



**SCHOOL JOTTINGS.****What Has Happened About the School During the Past Month.**

Three weeks ago "snowed in;" to-day "roasting."

To-day will be the last day for Chambersburg, as the consolidation law, passed by the last Legislature, goes into effect to-morrow.

The pupils were very good during Mr. Jenkins's absence. The old saying is, "When the cat is away, the mice will play," but it was not true in this instance.

The boys in the carpenter shop are doing very nicely. They have made some very nice frames recently, and the cabinets that they are finishing are excellent.

The new city directory is now being compiled, and conspicuous for their absence will be the headings "Borough of Chambersburg," and "Borough of Millham."

The grounds around our Institution look very nice since they have been fixed up. Mr. Burd seems to have excelled his own anticipations in this work and deserves much credit.

Miss Bunting called at the school on the morning of April 24th. She looks very much better, and expects to be at work again by the first of May. Her pupils were delighted to see her.

The base ball season has opened, and our teachers are giving successful object lessons on such subjects as, arnica, iodine, bandages, sprains and bruises. Dr. Barwis has ordered a full supply of all the medical stores and surgical instruments necessary for a base ball outfit.

Miss Ada Van Ness left school at Easter, as her parents decided that they would keep her at home. We are very sorry to have her leave, as she was always one of the brightest and pleasantest of our number. However she will make her home happier for her presence, and the education she has acquired will make her welcome in society.

Paul Neidermann deserves mention in THE TIMES for the progress he has made in shoemaking. He has recently finished a pair of shoes which he made without assistance from any one, and which were strong and well made. As he is only thirteen years old, and has been less than a year in the shoe-shop, this piece of work does him great credit, and also shows that Mr. Whalen is an excellent instructor.

Mr. J. M. Stout, the celebrated deaf-mute bicyclist, called at the school on the 22d. The pupils were delighted to see him. He has given exhibitions in many towns and cities, and has been highly praised for his skill. He is something of an artist, and while at the Indiana Institution, made a bust of the superintendent. He thinks of giving an exhibition of fancy bicycle riding in Trenton, if he can hire a suitable hall.

We have a new set of very fine wall maps. They are engraved and printed by the Messrs. Johnston, of Edinburgh, and mounted by a firm in Chicago. They roll on spring rollers, and are enclosed in very strong cases, made of birch-wood veneers the same of which canoes are made. The teachers are very much pleased with them, and think that, with such helps they can teach geography, if the pupils will only try to learn.

**Poisoned by Black Stockings.**

Mrs. Mary B. Butler, of Dayton, the lady poisoned by a pair of black hose about two weeks ago, and who it was feared several days ago would not recover, is in a much improved condition to-night. Yesterday, for the first time for fifteen days, she was able to stand on her feet and walked across the room. Both her legs are much swollen yet, but her health and general condition are such now that her recovery is thought to be a certainty.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

**Smoked Eighty Cigarettes a Day.**

Joseph D. Melius, Jr., a seventeen-year-old boy, living in Bridgeport Conn., died after a short illness from cigarette smoking. He smoked nearly four large packs of cigarettes a day and inhaled the smoke. His lungs were badly diseased and he wasted away very rapidly.

Chief of Police Marsh, who resides opposite the boy's house, had repeatedly warned him that his cigarette smoking would kill him. The lad after these warnings, smoked still more persistently. The body was taken to Utica, N. Y., for burial.

**Professor Hall, of Johns Hopkins, Called.**

Hon. John D. Washburn, secretary, has by a vote of the Board of Trustees of Clark University, of Worcester, Mass., extended an invitation to Professor G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., professor of psychology and pedagogics in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to become president of the new university.

Professor Hall is a graduate of Williams College of the class of 1867, and later spent a number of years in Europe in the study of modern educational systems. Although a comparatively young man he holds a high rank among the learned men of the country.

**Wonderful Surgical Operation.**

Dr. Sexton, a distinguished aurist of New York, recently had a deaf person under treatment, who could not be helped by any method that had ever been tried before. He thought that the deafness was caused by the small bones of the inner ear having become fastened together into one solid piece, so that they could not work freely on each other. He therefore gave the patient ether, and cut open the drum of the ear, turning back the triangular flap thus formed. Then, with a delicate instrument which he had ordered made for this very operation, he cut the chain of tiny bones, and then put back into place the flap of the eardrum which had been cut out. When the patient recovered consciousness, he was able to hear perfectly. Dr. Sexton has since performed the operation successfully several times, but he has not, as yet, operated on a person who was born deaf. It is to be hoped that some person of this class will submit to this operation. Perhaps many deaf-mutes could regain their hearing in this way. At present, no one in the world can perform this operation, except Dr. Sexton, but, if it is likely to be successful in a large number of cases, other surgeons will learn how to perform it.

Caroline Herschel, the discover of eight comets, and the accomplished partner of her brother's astronomical labors, never could remember the multiplication table and always had to carry a copy of it about with her.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.****Stories Written by Our "Little Reporters."**

Last Summer I saw a girl in the snake show in Coney Island. My brother was surprised to see the snake. The snake did not bite the boys and girls. The snake twined around her body. She was not afraid of the snake. A man noticed the snake. I saw the girl show the snake in the opera house. She was standing on a chair. The snake was yellow.

ELLIS MARBE.

One day I was walking on the road in the country. I saw a farmer ploughing in the field. He had reins with harness on a sorrel horse drawing the plough in the ground. He saw a snake and he caught it by the neck in his hand. He took a chew of tobacco in his hand and he put it in the snake's mouth. The farmer threw the snake on the ground. The snake was dizzy. After it died. I saw the snake was dead.

JOHN B. WARD.

**OVER THE STATE.****Items of Interest From Jersey City to Cape May.**

New Jersey has 1,579 practicing physicians.

There were no less than 4,912 marriages in Camden county during 1887.

The price of gas in Camden has been reduced from \$1.80 to \$1.60 per 1,000 feet.

The Mount Vernon Land Company will erect a large house on its shore front at Cape May.

A new national bank is to be established in Gloucester City with a capital of \$50,000.

The steam packet Mizpah will run this season between Cape May and Atlantic City as a freight boat.

Rev. T. C. Porter, of Doylestown, Pa., has received a call from the Moorestown Presbyterian Church.

The Mount Holly Beneficial Society has decided to disband and divide the assets. The organization has been in existence for fifty years.

The Upper Saddle River people in Bergen county are excited over the appearance of a genuine live bear, which has been seen by several persons.

While walking over the Rancocas Stock Farm, on Saturday, Joseph S. Earl, a prominent resident of Jobstown, dropped dead of heart disease.

The subscriptions for a hospital at Hackensack already exceed \$5,000, and it has been decided to purchase a large house on Second street, at a cost of \$4,000.

An alleged spook has thrown the little village of Columbus, Burlington county, into such a state of terror that business is suspended after six o'clock in the evening.

The Presbytery of New Brunswick has elected Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, and Dr. Eastman, of Lawrenceville, ministerial delegates to the General Assembly, which will meet in Philadelphia in May.

Gatling Gun Company B, of Camden, will accept the invitation of Phil Kearney Guards, Company C, Third Regiment, to visit Elizabeth and be inspected along with that command, instead of having its annual inspection in Camden.

**A Notable Marriage.**

Daniel Webster's great-grandson is to marry a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin in June next, the ceremony to take place in Washington. The youth is Webster Appleton Edgar, son of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte by her first marriage. She was Miss Appleton, of Boston, a granddaughter of Webster. The girl is the granddaughter of the late General Emery.

**Hymen's Car Drawn by Oxen.**

After Clifford Robinson and Jennie L. Leonard were married at her home in Hebron, Conn., the other day, her pa started the young couple on their wedding tour to their future home, twelve miles away, on a sled drawn by two yoke of oxen. The same sled performed a like service for the bride's great-grandmother, and was made by the bride's great-grandfather. Mr. Leonard evidently has faith in oxen, for he insisted upon sending ox teams for the eighty guests whom he invited to his daughter's wedding.—*Chicago News*.

**The Hat Changing Fiend.**

If the gentleman who buys his hats in Nottingham, and pays half a guinea for them, will look inside the hat he is at present wearing, he will see that it was made in London, and that it can not be bought for the price. He will also find between the lining and the hat a letter, which has been placed there to make the hat fit. If he intends to retain the hat perhaps he will kindly destroy the letter, as it is of a private nature, and was never intended to be read by anyone but me.—*London Referee*.

**NOVELS TURNED HIS HEAD.****An Educated, Wealthy Man Deserts His Wife and Children.**

Atwood J. Sellers, a young married man, 22 years old, who has been engaged in farming near Kennett Square for the past year, disappeared from his home on April 2d leaving behind a wife and two small children. When he left he told his family that he was going to Dupont's near Wilmington. He came to this place, hired a team and took his sister-in-law to Wilmington, sending the carriage back. The next day his wife received a letter from him, postmarked Baltimore, in which he stated that he had consulted physicians who told him that he would have to seek a healthier climate. Detectives were put upon his track, with orders from his family to induce him to come home, where at his mother's death, he would fall heir to a valuable estate. Miss Brittingham, the sister-in-law, was at first supposed to have eloped with Sellers, but a detective soon found her at Chester. She stated that she had not seen him since he let her out of the wagon at Wilmington. Mr. Sellers received a college education. He was a great novel and story paper reader, and to too much of this kind of reading is attributed his disappearance. He is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Chester county and has many relatives living in Philadelphia and Darby. He has been suffering from a pulmonary trouble, and Dr. Perdue, the attending physician, says he noticed strong evidences of weakness of mind, caused by over-study and reading.



## SMILES.

## Some "Te, He's," and Some From "Ear to Ear."

There is one consolation in being poor—you don't receive any begging letters.—*Texas Siftings*.

A New England constable, who has had great experience with tramps, says he has never yet seen one with a bald head.—*Chicago News*.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College is an expert tennis player, and the kind hearted students are continually making rackets for him.—*New Haven News*.

Frank Stockton does not believe that an author need feel grief in order to produce it in others. Certainly not; in nine cases out of ten all he has to do is to write, and grief is sure to come to the reader.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I hear that Gen. Lightfoot is going to run for Governor," said the Judge. "Glad he's going to run for something," said the Major, with feeling. "he run from everything all through the war."—*Burdette*.

Brown—You are looking bright and happy this morning. Dumley.

Dumley—Yes; I'm out of debt at last. Every bill I owed was outlawed yesterday. I tell you Brown, a man feels like a man when he is square with the world.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Hedges has dined well, has offered his waiter a dollar.

Waiter (in a voice that reaches the desk)—No, sah; we ain't 'lowed fer ter tek no fees, sah. (In a voice which does not reach the desk)—Drap him on the flo', boss.—*Tid Bits*.

Minister—I understand that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on this earth for his misdeeds?

Neighbor—Oh, yes, I do now; but I didn't until I heard you preach.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Sister Madge (strolling in rather unexpectedly)—"Do you think Ethel is seriously sick, Dr. Bromide?"

Dr. B.—"Miss Ethel ill! I am sure I had no such idea!"

Madge—"Well, then why do you have to sit and feel her pulse so long every evening?"—*Phila. Press*.

Little Fritz, hearing his parents speak of Beethoven, asked: "Mamma, who is Beethoven?" "A composer," replied his mother. "And what is a composer?" "A man who makes music." The next morning an organ-grinder struck up his tune in the street. "Mamma," exclaimed Fritz, eagerly, "there is Beethoven."—*Frankfurter Zeitung*.

Crushed Tragedian—I see you advertise houses to rent.

Real Estate Dealer—Yes, sir; can we do anything for you?

Crushed Tragedian—I hope so. You see I am going to open my season at the Twenty-first Avenue Theatre to-morrow night, and I thought if you could furnish me a house of about two thousand people I'd like to rent it for two hours and a half. No go? Well, here are two comp's for the show. Distribute them judiciously.—*Judge*.

## Thus Conscience Doth Make Cowards of Us All.

Tramp—"Here's a pie I stole off yer windy, mum. I want to bring it back." Housekeeper—"Well I'm glad you've got some conscience." Tramp—"Yes'm. I'm tough, but I don't dare to eat a strange mince-pie."—*Judge*.

(Continued from first page.)

structions. A test of generalship and prowess of troops was being made such as had never before been witnessed in this country, and so far Early had been worsted in every move. Phil Sheridan was master of his part of the situation. The question still to be decided was: "Can the men of the North sweep away the gray barrier of the South with its strength of earthworks, its cannon of brass and glittering array of steel?" The two armies were on almost equal footing, playing the iron game of death for the rich harvest of the Shenandoah. As the troops stood in line and watched the sun sink toward the west they read in its progress the terrible significance of the day. It was to be a struggle to the death, the dreadful last hours of light, in which one side battles to crush and the other for safety under cover of darkness—a struggle in which the dead and the wounded of friend and foe often remain on the field till morning, the injured to writhe in agony and perhaps die in despair for want of a sup of water. It is not in the heat of the conflict, when cannon rend the air, when musket and bugle and drum and clash of steel mingle with the yell of the combatants, or when man plunges bayonet or sword into his fellow's breast that the hell of war is seen, for then there is a grandeur and magnificence in the awful tumult that blinds the sight and deadens the senses to the fearful surroundings; but it is after the conflict is over, when the dead and the mutilated dying lie in confused heaps awaiting the knife of the surgeon, the shaft of the angel of death, or the grave of the unknown.

At last the designated hour came. The blare of bugles and the rattle of drums started simultaneously with the command "Forward!" repeated from a thousand throats. The blue racer, from right to left, was in motion, moving forward on that chase that was only to end at Appomattox. The instant the command "Forward!" was given the artillery from all its grounds of vantage began to pour forth its missiles of death into the enemy, and the rebel batteries in their turn raked the fields over which the three crops were advancing, the men on the light skirmish line dodging hither and thither as they moved forward toward Winchester, until they were within the range of a Minie ball of the Confederate lines, where the skirmishers halted, and the grand charge of the corps began.

But why attempt to tell how this corps or that one pushed the enemy back or was repulsed, to return again to the onset, or to describe how the batteries followed the line from one position unto another, or how Custer saw his opportunity and made his gallant charge on the right and doubled Early's left wing back on his center; or how Wilson let slip his golden opportunity to charge the pike from the left and shut the Confederates into the pocket of Winchester. Enough that all these things did occur, and when darkness spread over the earth Jubal Early and his command were whirling down the Valley, and without baggage seeking shelter behind the works at Fisher's Hill. The blue racer made its lair in Winchester that night, and an hour later the nation was going wild over the tidings of the great victory. Phil Sheridan's name was on a million tongues, and each tongue longed for a million mouths out of which to shout his name, but not one was moved to ask in derision where he was born.

## NEWS NOTES.

## Items of Interest From All Over the World.

The fastest war cruiser, the Reina Regente, has just left the Clyde for Spain.

Crematoriums are to be opened in Turin, San Remo, Bologna and other Italian cities.

China now furnishes a third only of the tea used in England. India furnishes the greater part.

Agnes McLellan, a fifteen-year-old girl, has assumed editorial control of the Seward (Neb.) Democrat.

It is rumored that the British Government will try to establish a tax on bicycles and tricycles.

Our word blizzard is said in England to be a corruption of the phrase "blazing hard," applied to a severe gale.

The kindergarten and household school of the Young Woman's Union, at No. 316 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, was opened last week.

Twenty-five years ago only fifteen women were employed in the whole country as editors. Now two hundred find employment in New York alone.

The oldest living ex-Congressman is said to be the Hon. John F. Collin, of Hilsdale, N. Y. He is 86 years of age and served in the Twenty-ninth Congress (1845-6).

A coffee tree in the palm-house in Kew is now bearing such a crop as, authorities say, has been rarely known in tropical countries either for quantity or quality.

## "UNCLE SAM."

## How the United States Came with This Name.

After the last declaration of war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson River, where was concentrated and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles, at that place, were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as 'Uncle Sam') generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked 'E. A.—U. S.' This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S., for the United States, were then almost entirely new to them), said he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam—alluding exclusively, then, to the said 'Uncle Sam' Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and 'Uncle Sam' himself, being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. Many of these workmen, being of a character denominated 'food for powder,' were found, shortly after, following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines for the double purpose of meeting the enemy and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes accompanied them and before the first campaign ended this identical one first appeared in print; it gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized, in every part of the country, and will no doubt, continue so while the United States remain a nation?"

## A Good Thing for the Hen-Roost.

A man in Winterville, Ga., broke the knob off his door, and, not having another, used a coffin handle instead. There is not a negro in the county who will open that door.

## The Half Family.

John Half, of Westbrook, Ga., is evidently a humorist, although he has not yet become known to the world as such. His first baby was christened First Half; the next, Second Half; the third, Other Half; and the fourth, Best Half. He has a big sign over his cabin door which reads: "The whole family of John Half lives within. A half family is better than none, but if you want to see six halves in one hole come inside and see what is left of us. God bless our home!"—*Washington Post*.

## He Managed to Stay.

Yesterday morning a gentleman from Fresno registered at one of the principal hotels in this city, but as there were no rooms vacant at the time he was told to return in the afternoon. His luck was no better on his return, as more rooms had been engaged by telegraph than a hotel of double the size of the one in question could contain. He was a little indignant, and told the clerk at the desk that, by Jove, he would stop there anyhow, and offered to back his boast with \$100. Among the guests of the hotel was a young lady from the same town as the gentleman, and for whom the would-be guest of the hotel had a liking. He went to the young lady, told his predicament and determination, and asked the young lady to marry him. She consented, and together they went to the parson and were married. It is sufficient to say the gentleman made good his boast.—*San Francisco Alta*.

## True Heroism.

Supt. Keatling relates the following exhibition of unexampled coolness on the part of James Cavanaugh, who was seriously injured by the premature explosion of a blast in the Hale & Norcross mine last week: At the time of the accident a round of three holes had been charged and the fuses lit by Cavanaugh, when one of them prematurely exploded. Miners rushed to the rescue of Cavanaugh, who was lying on the floor of the drift covered with blood and blackened with powder-smoke. He shouted to the men, "Don't come in here, only one of the holes has been fired." For some reason the lighted candle-snuffs under the other two charged holes did not ignite the fuses leading to the powder, and it is supposed that Cavanaugh's body in falling brushed the lighted candle-snuffs away without his being aware of it. Although momentarily expecting to hear the deafening roar of the explosion of the two remaining blasts, the firing of which would in the probability have proved his death knell and left him a frightfully mangled corpse, he still thought of the safety of his fellow-miners and had the presence of mind to warn them of their danger. Such an exhibition of self-sacrificing heroism in the gloomy, silent underground workings of a mine—with the momentary anticipation of a painful, torturing death staring the brave miner in the face—eclipses that of the deeds of the most valiant warrior who ever fell on a battlefield.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*.